# MARIE TAGLIONI.

Unexpected Apparition of an Ancient Celebrity-The Great Italian Bancer on a Shopping Expedition.

Her Time Spent Between Milan and Como.

HER LUXURIOUS VILLA ON THE LAKE.

History of the Ballet-She the First Grand Figure of the Modern Ballet.

SPLENDID TRIUMPHS IN PARIS.

Her Repeated Vow to Celibacy Mysteriously Broken.

GREAT CHOREGRAPHIC EVENT OF THE CENTURY.

Taglioni, Cerito, Grisi and Elssler in a Grand Pas de Quatre.

Milan, Italy, Nov. 15, 255.
Yesterday morning, as I was standing in a shop in the Galleria di Vittorio Emanuele, an Italian journalist, who was with me, called my attention to a lady buying some gloves at the counter. He said, in an undertone "Take a good look at her. She is a great celebrity. I doubt if you have ever seen her before. She is one of our lions, or, rather, honesses." A MILANESE LIONESS.

As it is my vocation to know celebrities, or, rather, of them, I gazed at her for some time (I was in a position where I could observe without being observed), wondering who the Milanese lion could be that I had never beheld. Her face being partly concealed by a black lace veil, I could not see it to advantage. It appeared, however, to belong to a woman of perhaps fifty. The teatures were small, but tolerably regular; the expression pleasant, the smile sweet, though some what faded. There was, on close observation, a certain made-up look, as if her hair were dyed, wrinkles poncealed by cosmetics and the trace of years carefully concealed by art. Still it done, and I question I had thought of artificiality had I not inferred from har manner that she was, or had been, an actress.

She was plainly but elegantly dressed in a heavy black silk, with a bit of lace at her throat, her hands daintily gloved, and every inch of her toilet fitting her on. As she passed out and entered her carriage she lifted her skirts, and I perceived that her feet, though quite well shaped, were large, which was more than counterbalanced by a graceful,

RHYTHMIC MOVEMENT OF HER LEGS, as if they had been trained to poses and to prettin An actress, I reflected; and then that gliding, undulatory motion of the limbs. She must be a dancer. So I turned to my companion and told him my surmises.

"You're right," he replied; "but CAN YOU GUESS WHO SHE IS? Do you take her to be the première of La Scala or for

the last novelty of Paris?" "I take her for nothing but a dancer. I have not the motest notion whether she be from Paris or Ispahan, but I feel confident she has been on the stage some where, and for years, too. Am I right ?"

"You are. That woman is Marie Tagliont." "Is it possible! Is it the renowned, the grand Marie, who bewitched Paris more than forty years ago, and whose same spread over both bemispheres?"

THE GREAT DANCER. "The very same. She resides here half the year and the other half in her villa on the Lake of Como, where she entertains her friends in luxurious style. She is remarkably well preserved. You would not suspect her to be beyond seventy. But she is, having been born in the spring of 1804, in Stockholm. There is nothing of the Scandinavian in her appearance. She is such only by the accident of birth. As her name denotes, she is of Italian extraction. Her father, Philip Taglioni, was a Milanese, having been born here in 1777. He went to the capital of Sweden when a young with a daughter. You see I am familiar with her career. The reason is that I once wrote a biographical sketch of her, and the leading facts remain in my

getting out a volume of notable people. We never print any such things in our papers. The French and American journals menopolize that kind of literature." "Why don't you print an account of Taglioni now-

a light, gossiping account? It would be very readable, for everybody has heard of her and enjoys personality, particularly of the famous." 'I suppose it would be; but we don't do it, because

we never have done it. That's the only reason I can think of; the only one, indeed, that there is. It is in your line, for you are an American. I'll give you all the information you want when we get back to the

Before we returned we fell to talking of THE BALLET,

of which Taglioni had been the queen. Its history is curious. Comparatively modern in one sense, it is in another very ancient, having been used in old religious ceremonies. The sacred mysteries of Paganism were assisted by it, as is recorded by the Greek authors. Aristotle speaks of dancers in his day who, by movement and gesture, express passions and actions. Athenaus says that some of them brought their dances to such perfection that the greatest sculptors studied their attitudes in order to reproduce them in bronze

The Remans copied the Greeks in this as in everything else. The ballet, in Augustus' time, attained marked excellence. Bathyllus, Hyllas and Pylades won extended fame by their pautomimic and choregraphic skill. Each had his school, and the eager rivalry of pupils and partisans led to serious disturbances in the city. Until the fall of the Empire such dancing continued, but only among men.

When the Western capital was at Byzantium wemen began to take part. Theodora (the wife of Justinan afterward), who, according to all chroniclers, was one of the lewedst and cruelest of minxes, performed on the stage with great success, and is thought to have danced herself into the affections of the Emperor.

There seems to have been no ballet in the Middle Ages, but at the close of the fifteenth century, when Galeas Visconti married Isabella of Aragon a spectacle of the kind met with such favor that it was introduced

into several other countries besides this. France was very fond of the entertainment. Catharine de Medici had a grand ballet presented at an expense of 5,000,000 livres. Henry IV. enjoyed the dance; so sid Louis XIV. before he became a zealet. But the ballet was not firmly established until the beginning of last century, Noverre, of the Paris Academy of Music, having largely con-tributed to that end. He says in his "Letters on the Imitative Arts" that a perfect ballet is a living picture of the manners, dresses, ceremonies, customs of all nations It should be a complete pantomime, speaking through the eyes and the very soul of the spectators If it does not without other aid clearly demonstrate the incidents and passions it aims to describe, it is a mere divertisement, not a ballet. It is only within half a century that women have monopolized the ballet, in which before men chiefly shone-like Baldasare Vestris, called the god of dancing, who was so sublimely conceited that he was wont to say that his age had, produced but three great men, Frederic II., Voltaire and

QUEEN OF THE MODERN BALLET. Taglioni may be counted the first grand figure in the odern ballet; for she was born before Fannie Elssler, Carlotta Grisi or Fannie Cerito, the quartet of great

forws. She received instruction and under-in divers capitals of the Continent from her fourteenth to her seventeenth year, made ber formal debut in Vienna and made her formal debut in Vienna when she was eighteen. No woman of her time had shown such agility and grace, and she at once rose to

saltant fame.

After dancing in Germany and Italy for four or five years with uniform prosperity she decided to go to Paris, knowing that she must be crowned there before she could rank as a great artist.

TRIUMPH IN PARIS.

In the winter of 1826-7 she appeared on the stage of the Grand Opera and was most enthusiastically re-ceived. The capital of civilization was convulsed over her. She was called glorious, sublime, magnificent, ravishing, wonderful, divine. She was then in the biossom of her womanhood. She was twenty-six. She was not beautiful, but her eyes were fine, being dark, changeable, lustrous; and her countenance was strik ngly animated. Her figure was superb-round, but lithe; voluptuous, but delicate; and her manner of costuming yielded ample opportunity to display it to the most liberal extent. She was stormed with flowers, verses, letters, presents, proposals. Paris had to its new Italian goddess Managers everywhere clamored for her. Lutetia would not let her go. She was the fresh toy that delighted it, she must be kept. Her salary was advanced again and again. Her ecstatic praises, sounded on the Scine, were echoed in every corner of Europe. She stayed in the city for five years, having received in that time on an average one hundred love letters a week, and a number of offers of marriage. She had resolved never to accept a husband, declaring that a woman devoted to art should have no matrimonial distractions.

MARRIED AGAINST HER WORD. enced her decision many times, and had persuaded herself of her sincerity, when Count Gilbert de Voisins carried her off connubially. How, or wherefore, no one could conjecture. His was far less desirable than many offers she had had. He had nothing in particular to recommend him, unless it were a title, and titles had accompanied previous pro posals that had been rejected. Perhaps she loved him. There have been such instances even in the lives of ballet dancers. At any rate she was his wife, and willingly. What matters the wherefore?

She appears to have been very prudent for a Latin actions.

BHE NEVER COMPROMISED HERSELP. She never placed herself in a position to be misunder stood. She made many friends, though she never tried to transport them into the region where ferocious passion demands all, and will take nothing less. Her discretion added to her fascination. She became an anomaly, a mystery. Paris could not comprehend : young dancer who steadily refused to have lovers, and what it comprehends not it wildly worships. From that time she was regarded as

THE FIRST DANCER IN RUROPS
by her thousands of admirers, though many of Fannie
Elssler's devotees claimed that honor for her. She
electrified audiences here, in Naples, Rome, Dresden, Berlin, St. Petersburg, Brussels, London.

In the last capital she appeared on the stage in conjunction with Fannie Cerito, Carlotta Grisi and Fannie Elssler, which was a great choregraphic event; the greatest, in truth, of the century.

I have met persons who assisted on the memorable

occasion (it was, I think, in 1840), and they still speak of it with deep enthusiasm. The theatre was packed with the most distin guished people in London. Each of the artists had her partisans, each was in her prime. The house, the stage, the ballet was resplendent. Intense excitement prevailed. The dancers did their utmost to excel. They eclipsed themselves, for they were inspired with a generous rivalry; their hearts were in their mouths; their souls were in their legs.

Never before, in all probability, had they danced so exquisitely. The audience awarded the palm according to its prepossession. Some yielded it to Cerito, some to Griss, but the great mass were divided between Elssler and Taglioni, the majority inclining to the oldest of the four in point of execution and rapidity of

Taglioni made nearly as much reputation in "La Bayadère" in Germany as she made in London and Paris in "La Syiphide" and "La Fille du Danube." Some of the other ballets in which she was illustrious were "Cendrillon," "Nathalie," "Flore et Zephire," "Guillaume Tell" and "La Révolte au Sérail."

SHE RETIRED FROM THE STAGE after reaching her forty-third year (1847) and has never since returned to it, even for a single night. She says her temptation to go back to her profession has often been very strong-so strong at times as to be scarcely resistible. But a little reflection has restored her to her sensible self. She stayed on the stage just as long as she could without peril to the high reputation she had gained.

A woman after forty, she declares, has no business to remain any length of time in the theatre. After man, and was first dancer and balletmaster at the princi- that period she walks amid quicksands. They are treacherous: they may look smooth and secure, but she knows not what moment she may be swallowed up. "I did not retire," she adds, "because I was weary of my calling. A woman never tires of the flash of the footlights, of the applause, of the enchanting "Was it for your people?" I inquired.

"Oh, no. It was for a publisher in Paris, who was But, one night, after the performance, as I was stepping into my carriage, I happened to overhear from one of my friends the had no idea that I was within earshot), this emphatic remark:- 'Taglioni is not quite what she was. Her admirers do not observe the least change: but I do, for I am her friend. She is losing her elasticity. She cannot accomplish a tour de force as she could three years ago. She should retire. I should like to tell her so, but it would break her heart, No woman will ever believe sho is losing any of her charms, whatever her age.

"That determined me. In less than six months I had bidden farewell to the theatre, and I have taken no second farewell. I have thanked my friend twenty times since. But for my overhearing him I might have lingered until my audi ences had informed me of my unseemly delay. That would have been dreadful. It would have, been like a cup of poison from the hands of Love." TAGLIONI WAS NOT HAPPY,

I understood, in her matrimonial venture. Few actresses are, especially when they marry titles. As has been intimated, she was very fond of the Count de Voisins, whose affection for her seems to have been semi-scortatory and semi-merconary. He ought to have been contented. She did not starve him either by withholding her person or her purse. Was he contented? Who knows? He did not abuse her save by neglect. She supplied him with money liberally, and he spent it even more liberally. When she was here, he was in Paris. When she was in her villa in Como, he was in Geneva or Innspruch. He died a good while ago, and she has placed over his grave a costly monument commemorating all the virtues she knew he had not. They had no children, and this has been to her the source of profound regret. While she was on the stage she chose not to have any. After her retirement nature denied her. So fate orders. What we may have, we want not; what we cannot have, we want; and sometimes it is, as in this case, the same thing

THE EMINENT DANCER IS VERY RICH. When she retired, well nigh thirty years since, she was worth 3,000,000 lire (\$600,000), and she has increased her fortune since, it is said, five-fold. She has spent a good deal in building, laying out grounds, purchasing marbles, pictures, bronzes and other works of art. Her residence here is a palace, expensively and elegantly furnished, and her Como villa is represented as an architectural gem, its interior wholly excelling the exterior. She has a passion for cameos, m rococo, bric-à-brac and precious stones. Her collec-tion of rubies, emeralds, pearls and diamonds, none of which she wears, is said to be very fine and worth not less than 1,200,000 lire (\$240,000).

GENEROUS BENEVOLENCE. She has given away hundreds of thousands of lire to benevolent and charitable purposes. She once attempted to relieve the poor of Milan by bestowing money, but after a few weeks she was obliged to abandon her good intent. Her house was overrun with beggars who came from all Lombardy. She thinks if she had continued her plan she would have been impoverished in six months, so rapidly did the demands upon her purse increase.

To the Roman Church she has given freely, but the more the Church ets the more it wants. It is the insatiable financial leach of all time, the inappeasable beggar of civilization, the gigantic robber of the poor in the garb of ecclesiasticism. As she has no children and as most of her near relatives (she contributed contemporaneous dancers, and won many of her laurels | handsomely to their support while they were alive; ere a single sprig had been placed on any of their ham been dead for years the Church has fixed its

greedy eyes upon her immense wealth, hoping to absorb the greater part. She is very pious, so far as the observation of theologic duties is concerned, and is profoundly revered by the priests, who are doubtless nstructed how to act toward her. They flatter her without stint, pronounce her a saint, predict that she will be canonized. But she has to pay roundly for their fine speeches

They are extremely desirous she should leave the bulk of her property for the completion of the magnificent Duomo, and it is possible she may, though as yet she has made no such provision in her will.

HER WILL INCOMPLETE. That important document is asserted to be incom plete. It has been written and rewritten so often and so many codicils added that new drafts have been required. The Church awaits with feverish anxiety for its final form. It knows that a woman of seventy-four and upward has no time to waste. I learn that Taglion proposes to bequeath a handsome sum to the Conserv atoire of this city, the largest amount to the department of choregraphic art. One of her objections to completing her will is the old superstition that she shall die in mediately after doing so, and she has no inclination to the grave. The priests tell her she need have no fear of death; that the angels are waiting for her. She laughs and says, "Let them wait; as they are eternal they have abundance of leisure. I have no dread of death, but I like life. The world is very beautiful, and I want to stay in it just as long as I can." Taglioni is

ADMIRABLY PRESCRIND. Her health is very good, and she bids fair to turn her ninetieth year. Her mind is not at all impaired. She hears perfectly well, and she never uses glasses except at night. She owes her vigor to the excellent care she has taken of herself. She never indulged in any of the dissipations of an actress, and in her old age she has her reward. She feels much interest in the progress of events, particularly in the development of Italy, and, strange to say, believes the Pope's loss of temporal power was fortunate for the Church

#### GRÆCO-ROMAN WRESTLING.

The Greece-Roman wrestling match which took ace last evening at the Brooklyn Rink drew only a limited number of spectators. The two contestants were Professor W. Miller and Louis Carteron. The former is well known; the latter arrived from France only a fortnight ago, and appeared last night before an American audience for the first time in his life. The match was for \$1,000. Miller, before the first bout, was the favorite in the pools.

THE RIVALS. Carteron appeared first upon the stage. He is a lighter man than Miller, rather slender of limb, but, altogether, a handsomely developed and, withal, an exceedingly supple athlete. Miller had the favor of the

altogether, a handsomely developed and, withal, an exceedingly supple athlete. Miller had the favor of the audience from the start; and when he brought the Frenchman to his back, after an easy bout, every one saw that he was the superior man, and that the Frenchman was by no means a match for him. In the second bout, however, the Frenchman planted Miller's two shoulders down upon the boards, but after so peculiar a fashion that the audience began to suspect that the match had been prearranged, and hence a great many left the rink in disgust. Miller won the third bout and the Frenchman the fourth, and hence both had two bouts apiece.

The Frenchman came up to the mark in the final bout looking very much discouraged. Miller could have laid him out in a moment, had he so desired, but he sparred with him for flitten minutes or so, in which he managed to develop the graces of the school of wrestling to which he is devoted, when finally he fairly threw his adversary. The referce Mr. Clark, said he did not see the Frenchman fail and hence could render no decision. Miller caught the Frenchman again in his arms and threw him a second time. Once more the fail was decided not to be a fair one. At last Miller hurled his rival upon the carpet, mounted him, and while the Frenchman lay prone upon his back demanded the decision of the judges, Messis. McCiellan and Professor De Turk. The match was awarded him.

#### A MURDERER'S CONSCIENCE.

HE CONFESSES A TERRIBLE DEED OF ARSON, BY WHICH A BROTHER MAN WAS BURNED TO DEATH-DESPERATE ATTEMPT TO COMMIT SUICIDE.

[From the Chicago Post and Mail, Dec. 23.] The strangest sensation ever brought to a climax it his city has just been worked up by the Police Department. It involves the commission of the crime of arson and murder, and covers two whole years in the history of a now blackened criminal, from the incipient stages of his crime to his attempt at suicide in his cell at the West Chicago avenue station. The strange jacks in the matter are related as follows:—

On the evening of the 13th of the present month : timid kneck on the front door awakened the station keeper at the West Chicago avenue police station from his slumbers, and a few minutes afterward the form of a young man, on whose visage the traces of deep rouble were plainly to be seen, stood before him. The young man was apparently about twenty-six years of nanner. He told a very strange story to the station keeper, who was so struck with its horrible details that he asked the man to be seated until the arrival of Sergeant Briscoe. A messenger was despatched for him, and when he arrived he and the new comer en-gaged in a tête-a-tête, in which the following

gaged in a tele-a-tele, in which the following

RIMARKABLE CONFESSION,

which the sergeant caused to be reduced to writing and
forwarded to the Superintendent of Police, played a
prominent part. His name is Thomas Carroll, and for
two years he has been troubled with an aching of conscience rarely equalled. In the early part of 1874 he
resided in Dunkirk, N. Y., where his parents at one
time lived, and worked for a long time in Vanderwort's
planing mill, which was one of the largest institutions
of the kind in the State of New York. Carroll stated
that he found his relations in the mill very pleasant
until a certain man came there to work as forehan,
who, on acquaintance, proved to be Carroll's bitterest
enemy. The man referred to had charge of the gang in
which Carroll worked, and the hard feelings which
existed between them often resulted in quarrels. The
foreman, whose name Carroll nover disclosed, threatened
to have him (Carroll) discharged, and then the idea
entered his mind that if the mills were burned his
enemy would be thrown out of employment. Acting entered his mind that if the mills were burned his enemy would be thrown out of employment. Acting upon the vicious thought, he entered the basement on the night of the 18th of June, 1874, where a lot of shav-ings were stored, and, setting fire to them in four dif-ferent places, fled. The fire gained headway rapidly, and in a very short space of time the entire building

and in a very short space of time the entire building was

A MASS OF FLAMES.

The entire village turned out to save the buildings, but to no effect, and the following morning disclosed to the saddened gaze of the many men thrown out of employment the blackened runs of the mills. A man named McCarthy, employed as a night watchman, was terribly burned, and in two weeks died from the effects of the wounds which he received. In the meantime suspicion was directed toward Carroli, and taking the first train, he made good his escape. But although out of the way of the law the events of that night weighed heavy upon his soul, and his conscience smote him when he thought of the rad fate of McCarthy, the watchman, and of the condition of the men whom his villany had thrown out of employment. The mills were owned by Thomas Vanderwort, and he offered a large reward for the capture of the incendiary. The above recital is taken from the confession of Carroli, now on file in the archives of the Police Department at Headquarters. Sorgeant Briscoe at first doubted the man's statement, and sent for the County Physician in order that his sanity might be pronounced upon. That official arrived and pronounced the man perfectly sane.

SERKING ATONEMENT.

In the meantime Carroll's trouble seemed to weigh upon him deeply. On the 15th inst. he was found hanging to the top of his cell by a rope, and was cut down by Station Keeper Shuman. He stated as a reason for his rash attempt that he wished to atone for the crime he had committed. Wishing to ascertain the facts in the matter, and return the man to justice if the story which he told was true, the Superintendent of Police sent the following despatch to Dunkirk:

Curcaso, Dec. 20, 1875.

SHREIFF OR CONSTABLE, Dunkirk, N. Y.—

Was a planning mill destroyed by fire in Dunkirk in 1874:
De you want Thomas Carroll.

M. C. HICKKY, General Superintendent Police. A MASS OF PLAMES.

Was a planing mill destroyed by fire in Dunkirk in 1874 Do you want Thomas Carroll!

M. C. HICKEY, General Superintenent Police.

To which the following answer was received:— M. C. Hickey, Superintendent Police Vanderwort's planing mill was burned on the 18th of June, 1874. We want Carroll. SHERIFF.

STA. We want Carroll.

On the 21st the Chief of Police telegraphed to Dunkirk that he had Carroll in his custody, and the Sheriff arrived here this morning, took a trip to West Chicago avenue, and fully identified the prisoner. Yesterday morning Carroll again attempted suicide, this time with a case knife. He inflicted a gash on his throat, but was prevented from ending his existence by the cook. The Sheriff will leave with his prisoner at four o'clock this afternoon.

## A DANGEROUS CHARACTER.

Yesterday afternoon William Wagner, residing at No. 199 Bowery, while roaming around Williamsburg, Maujer street, and insulted the ladies. On the appearance of Mr. Smith he altered his tone and threatened to shoot unless he was paid to go out. A policeman was called and Wagner taken to the station house of the Sixth precinct, and a dirk knife being found on him in addition to a loaded revolver, he was locked up on a charge of carrying concealed weapons.

## ANXIOUS TO HANG FOR A GARLAND.

Robert Garland and William Thompson, the former of No. 460 West Sixteenth street, indulged in a fight at the corner of Twenty-sixth street and Seventh avenue about daybreak yesterday morning. During the progress of the "discussion" Thompson shot Gar-land in the left side, inflicting a painting but not dan-scrous wound.

## LITERATURE.

Popularity of Talboys' West India Pickles.

SONGS OF THREE CENTURIES.

Roderick Hudson-Rose and Roeftree-The Shepherd Lady-Stories for the Young.

WEST INDIA PICKLES. DIARY OF A CRUISE TEROUGH THE WEST INDIES IN THE YACHT JOSEPHINE. [New York Yacht Club.] By W. P. Talboys. G. W. Carleton & Co., Publishers. We avail ourselves of the appearance of the above work in its second edition, not only to congratulate the author upon this substantial evidence of success, but to say a word or two about the book itself.

Imprimis, we inquisitively ask, "Why pickles?" Why not rather "West India Marmalade" or "Jam?" There is a suggestion of acidity in the title which is not borne out by the facts, and we are led to expect verjuice when we only find sweets. There is certainly not vinegar enough in the whole book to set up the mildest spinster in business, and the only "sour" our author appears to have met with is as a fitting appendage to "rum." Even the natives he encounters ashore are "full of the milk of human kindness"-milk sweet and fresh, the very sugar of milk. It is only in dealing with the sons of Ham that he shows accrbity, possibly because they are not "sugar cured," as Cincinnati ones are. Indeed, the flavor of the negro is rather acrid than acid, but "West India Pickles," though a little "hot 1" the mouth," is quite free from bitterness of any de scription. Leaving New York on November 7, 1874, the good yacht Josephine sped on her way southward under a mixed experience of sunshine and storm. Arriving at Aquadilia, in the Island of Porto Rico, our voyagers quickly discovered that the officials were far from being "on hospitable thoughts intent," but were rather inclined to cut up rough and make themselves generally unpleasant at the advent of a craft that, being neither government vessel nor trader was set down as a dangerous nondescript that required looking after. A few hours smoothed things, however, and the rest of the trip appears to have been but a record of halcyon days. vachtsmen bent their way to the Windward Islands and the Spanish Main, visiting the chief ports and the backlying country and getting a pleasant insight into the social life of each. Of course Mr. Talboys does not wear barnacles for nothing and he improves each occasion by telling us in a humorous, chatty way what he saw, what he did and what he left undone.

Leaving the Main behind them our voyagers spread canvas for St. Domingo and Cuba, where we are treated to more glimpses of scenery and society in the same delicate vein of humor and appreciation which marks the whole book.

Steering for home the yacht encounters a gale of wind—a real Simon Pure this time—a gale of wind which mixes sea, sky and ship like the ingredients of a Russian salad. Weathering this, and somewhat timor ous of the wintry North after so many weeks' cruis ing in summer seas, our yacht cast aucho finally at Beaufort, N. C., and the voyage was over. "West India Pickles," misnomer though it be, is a valuable addition to the scanty number of works that have been published on yacht cruising in foreign climes, and fairly deserves to be placed alongside the works of Lord Dufferin and the Earl and the Doctor.

Written in an easy and epigrammatic style, but with a slight touch of pedantry (the suspicion of garlic, which gives zest to the salad), and with a keen approciation of the beauties of nature and a capability to note the marked characteristics of places and people, Mr. Talboys has given us not only a valuable but an eminently readable book. We congratulate him on the success of his venture, and, resolving ourselves into a committee of the whole, like Oliver Twist conscientiously ask him for "more."

LODERICK HUDSON.

RODERICK HUDSON. By Honry James, Jr. Boston: If we could go into a gallery of statuary and breathe life into the marble figures posing gracefully around us we would experience the same strange sensations we have after reading one of Henry James, Jr.'s, romances, None of his characters are real men and women. They have too much dignity to be called puppets and too such warmth to be called statues. Yet they are more like marble figures than real flesh and blood. We have no human sympathy with his heroes and heroines, still we are drawn to them by an irresistible fascination. Mrs. Hudson is the only real person in this is the least interesting. Roderick is a type of genius exaggerated, let us hope, but not impossible milder form. It is not so much for the story that Mr. James' books are charming as for their beautiful language and wonderful descriptive powers. Mr. James is not a story teller any more than Hawthorne was a story teller. He is a romancist, and one of the best living. He is cosmopolitan in literature as well as in life, and his models are the best of foreign masters. None of his books end in a conventional way, probably because he is not a conventional writer, and those who look for "and they lived together happily ever after" at the end of the last chapter of any of his velettes will be disappointed.

In Roderick Hudson we find a young man of genius

retired New England village. A fairy godmother turns up in the person of Rowland Mallet, a rich young fellow, with a taste for the fine arts. Rowland has just arrived at the village to say goodby to his cousin Cecelia before he sails for Europe. There meets Roderick and is shown a bronze figure of his designing, which strikes the connoisseur as being of great promise. He immediately proposes taking Roderick along with him to Europe, and the proposition is accepted. Before the two young men set sail Rowland meets a cousin of Roderick's, Mary Garland, in whom he becomes very much interested, but tries to forget when he finds that she is engaged to Roderick. The reader cannot sympathize with this singular fancy on the part of a man of the world like Rowland. She was plain in face, dress and manner. The expressions of her face "followed each other slowly, distinctly gravely, sincerely, and you might almost have fancied as they came and went that they gave her a sort of There was no reason in the world that Roderick should have loved her either, and we don't believe that he ever did, at any rate not very deeply. When the two arrive in Rome they meet Christina Light, the beautiful daughter of a semi-adventuress, and derick becomes enamored and evidently forgets all about Mary. Christina had a pair of extraordinary dark blue eyes, a mass of dusky hair over a low forehead, a blooming oval face of perfect purity, a flexible lip, just touched with disdain, and the step and carriage of a princess-just such a vision as would turn any young man's head, particularly an artist's. Roderick worked weil when he first came to Rome, and quite distinguished himself, and his statues were bought by Rowland. But after he became in love with Christina he behaved like a lunatic. In fact, he was little better than insane at the best of times. Christina only liked him as a plaything; he was too weak a character for her. She was so uncertain of herself that she could not have loved as a husband a man of inferior will, Rowland was the unwilling confidant of both parties. for he did not at all approve of Roderick's conduct. Roderick is the most exasperating character; he has all the eccentricities of genius. He would not work unless he felt a certain inspiration. A Michael Angelo could not have been more whimsical. He hung around Christina everywhere she went, and really thought that she loved him. But what woman could love such a weakling? He was handsome and talented, but he was conceited and bad tempered also. When Christina really dropped him and married another man be acted in the most outrageous manner. He simply gave himself up to despair. He refused to turn his hand to anything, and he said that his brain was dead. He begged Roderick to shoot him and put him out of his misery Altogether his conduct was unmanly and unbearable. He did not pretend to love Christina after her marriage,

butterfly existence could suit such a character. the proper ingredients in his make-up he would have been a great man; as it was, he was a great failure.

ROSE AND ROOFTREE.

BORE AND ROOFFEE. Poems by George Parsons Lathrop. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co. The first question that a critic has to ask concerning a volume of verse by a new author is, Has it any poetry n it? In regard to the little volume just put forth by Mr. Lathrop the answer to this question must be strongly in the affirmative. We find poetry here of a rare, subtle and very beautiful kind. We do not think that all the poems are equally poetic—too large a pro-portion of them seem to be, like the early poems of many of the poets who have made a mark, valuable mainly for their suggestiveness and their promise; but the book contains, on the other hand, some pieces attractive both for the thought and the expression. Here is an example of the poet's lighter and more fanciful

The sunshine of thine eyes (Oh still, celestial beam i) Whatever it touches it fills With the life of its lambent gleam. The sunsnine of thine eyes,
Oh let it fall on me!
Though I but be a more of the air
I could turn to gold for thee!

That is only a conceit, to be sure, but a happy one, and expressed musically and with genuine feeling. It is not so wide and deep a conceit as Bourdillon's "Light." and, therefore, is not likely to travel so far around the world, but it has a good deal of the same felicitous quality, and we should not be surprised to see it take

its place in the collections. If Mr. Lathrop can be graceful and fanciful, he shows also occasionally genuine imaginative power as in the sonnet "O Wholesome Death!" The sonnets given under the title of "Moods of Love" impress us by their insight, their purity and elevated sentiment and their music. We think they are not all equally spontaneous and sustained, but we find ourselves constantly return ing to them as together forming one of the most valuable, and certainly one of the most characteristic poems of the book. This is one of them :-

With my beloved I lingered late one night.
At last the hour when I must leave her came;
But as I turned, a lear I could not name
Possessed me that the long sweet evening might
Preinde some sudden storm whereby delight
Should perish. What if Death, ere dawn, should

claim One of us? What though living, not the same, each should appear to each in morning light? Changed did I find her, truly, the next day;
Ne'er could see her as of old again.
That strange mood seemed to draw a cloud away,
And let her beauty pour through every vein
Sunlight and life, part of me. Thus the lover
With each new morn a new world may discover.
In some of Mr. Lathrop's poems there is a chain of

mingled joy and pathos that has a great charm. As examples we might mention "The Song Sparrow," one of the most perfect pieces in the collection, and "The Singing Wire," from which we quote the following

I listened to the branchless pole
That held aloft the singing wire;
I beard its muffled music roll
And stirred with awest desire. "O wire, more soft than seasoned lute, Hast thou no suniit word for me? Though long to me so coyly mute, Sure she may speak through thee!" l listened, but it was in vain.
At first the wind's old, wayward will
Drew forth the tearless, sad refrain;
That ceased, and all was still.

But suddenly some kindling shock Struck, flashing through the wire; a bird Poised on it, screamed and flew; the flock Rose with him, wheeled and whirred. Then to my soul there came this sense—
"Her heart has answered unto thine;
She comes to-night, go hie thee hence!
Meet her; no more regime!"

A marked characteristic of this author is his feeling

for nature. In the ballad of "Jessamine" he has been bold enough to make use of the refrain, and, we are inclined to think, with marked success. But for further examples we must refer our readers directly to Mr. Lathrop's little volume. The work is made additionally attractive by Mr. La Farge's design illustrating

THE SHEPHERD LADY. THE SHEPHERD LADY AND OTHER POEMS. By Jean Ingelow, author of "Songs of Seven." Boston: Roberts Brothers.

In this last volume of poems by Miss Ingelow we find that lady in her most tuneful mood. There is a flow in the rhythm of the shorter songs that carries the reader along on a wave of melody. Her greatest enemy could not accuse her of obscurity after reading this volume. The story of the "Shepherd Lady" is told almost as well by Mr. Arthur Hughes' designs as by Miss Ingelow's verse. It is very dainty and very charming. "At One Again" is quite a long poem. It appeared first in Harper's Monthly, and is a farm ballad, fresh with the odor of new-mown hay, red with ripe strawberries and glowing in bright sunshine. The short poems that are filled in between the "Shepherd Lady" and "At One Again" sound as though they had been written each at a sitting, and without any effort for rhyma. They swing along and sing along like birds in the spring. This is a fair specimen of the grace and beauty of all :-It's we two, it's we two, it's we two for aye, All the world and we two, and Heaven be our stay; Like a havrock in the lift, sing, O bonny bride! All the world was Adam once, with Eve by his side. What's the world, my lass, my love! what can it do? I am thine and thou art mine; life is sweet and new. If the world has missed the mark let it stand by. For we two have gotten leave, and once more will try. Like a laverock in the lift sing, O bonny bride! It's we two, it's we two, happy side by side.

Take a kiss from me, thy man; now the song begins—
"All is made afrosh for us, and the brave heart wins." When the darker days come and no sun will shine,
Thou shall dry my tears, lass, and I'll dry thine.
It's we two, it's we two, while the world's away,
Sitting by the golden sheaves on our wedding day.
The poem "Feathers and Moss" is exceedingly

who was growing up untaught and unappreciated in a pretty, but, with its refrain, "Feathers and moss and a wisp of hay," reminds us so strongly of Calverley's burlesque, "Butter and eggs and a pound of cheese."

that it is hard to read it seriously. There are two beautiful illustrations by Miss Hallock in this volume. The vignette, representing Orpheus, to illustrate the verse entitled "Failure," is one of the strongest and best things we have seen from Miss Hall lock's pencil, which is paying it a very high compli-

ment SONGS OF THREE CENTURIES. Songs of Three Centuries, Edited by John Green-leaf Whittier. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co. The "Songs of Three Centuries" is interesting, as much for the reason that it is an index to the mind of its poet editor as for the intrinsic value of its contents. As a poet remarked the other day, "Mr. Whittier might have written all the poems in the book, they are so decidedly after his own thought and feeling." The design of the editor has been to gather up in a compara tively small volume, easily accessible to all classes of readers, the wisest thoughts, rarest fancies and devoutest hymns of the metrical authors of the last three centuries. He says :- "The selections I have made indicate in a general way my preferences, but I have not felt at liberty to oppose my own judgment or prejudice to the best critical authorities, or to attempt a reversal of the verdict of time. . . While by no means holding myself to a strict responsibility as regards the sentiment and language of the poems which make up this volume and while I must confess to a large tolerance of personal individuality manifesting itself in widely varying forms of expression, I have still somewhat scrupe lously endeavored to avoid in my selections everything which seemed liable to the charge of irreverence or questionable morality." A book bearing Mr. Whittier's name as author or editor is just as sure to be high in tone as to be carefully and conscientiously prepared. We think that the latter day American poets are quoted rather promiscuously; but in a country where over five hundred living persons claim to be inspired by the divine muse it is a little hard to steer clear of the shoals of mediocre verse. In quoting from Bret Harte and Charles Godfrey Leland he in neither case gives any of the dialect poetry by which these writers are best known. From Bret Harte he quotes "Concha" and "Dickens in Camp," and from Mr. Leand "The Music Lesson of Confucius" and "Mine Own." It was a happy thought of Mr. Osgood's to have such a volume prepared by Mr. Whittier-happy in both a literary and business point of view.

THE "LITTLE CLASSICS." HAWTHORNE. James R. Osgood & Co. have supplied a long felt want and heartless as she's peautiful," he said in his rage, "and she has sold her heartless beauty to the highest bidder. I hope he knows what he gets!" She would have done worse had she married Rederick, for his heartlessness would have ahown itself after the honey.

This edition has already reached its seventh volume and has met with the most unbounded favor. It is compact, neat and taxtoful. By placing Hawthorne's compact, neat and taxtoful. By placing Hawthorne's Henry Sporleder, No. 300 van Brunt street, Brooklyn.

The apartments of Henry Sporleder, No. 300 van Brunt street, Brooklyn.

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The apartments of Henry Sporleder, No. 300 van Brunt street, Brooklyn. with their "Little Classics," edition of Hawthorne,

on. He was not meant for a finished man. Only a | thorne occupies a piace in American interature that is one can hope to fill again. He is the prince of rd mancists. One never tires of his beautiful description or delicate character drawing. We were particul struck with this latter faculty in re-reading "The House of the Seven Gables." Could anything be finer that the portrait of poor Miss Pyncheon in her little shop Though he lays on the brush with the tenderest an most considerate touches he cannot concess the humon usness of the grotesque old figure. We hear the rust! of the stately silk, the relic of bygone splendor, as Miss Hepzibah gets down upon her knees to search for the marbles which, devil directed, have rolled into the dark and unapproachable corners. We see the frowi that spreads over her poor old wrinkled brod as the shrill shop bell warns her of the ar rival of an unwelcome customer. There is no author of modern times who can influence us like Hawthorns, We believe every word he writes. His wildest romance are realities to us. We thoroughly believe in Donatello with his pointed ears, and expect to meet him yet want dering about the streets of Rome.

> CHILDREN'S BOOKS. Looking back to the days when a well thumbed copy

of "Robinson Crusoe," a "Swiss Family Robinson" and a "Pilgrim's Progress" formed the extent of our

library, we cannot but envy the children of to-day, the gratification of whose literary taste seems to be of a much concern to the publishers as that of their elders Dozens of houses publish juvenile literature, which it made as attractive as authors, artists and binders kno how to make it. Some of the best known writers of the day consider it no condescension to write for th children. There is no excuse for reading the blood cordling adventures of "Two Headed Mike, the Prairie Scout," or any stories of a like nature when P. G. Hamnerton, Tom Hughes, George MacDonald, Miss Mulock, Miss Rosetti, Jean Ingelow, Mary Mapes-Dodge, Bayard Taylor, J. T. Trowbridge, Frank R. Stockton, Susan Coolidge and a host of other writers put forth bright and healthful books. The present season is rich in literature for the young tolks, and many a stocking on Christmas morning was festooned with attractive books!
Roberts Broz are famous for their children's works, and their recent issues will add to their reputation. Among them we find "Mice at Play;" when the cat'd away the mice will play, you know, and Neil Forest tells about their capers. These mice were four little children, whose mother was away from home and they had a grand time together. "Nine Little Goslings" is one of Susan Coolidge's delightful stories. A glance of the cover is enough to make all the little ones wild to read what is inside. "Jolly Good Times" is the attractive title of a story of child life on a farm, by P., Thorne, illustrated by Miss Addie Ledyard. It tells of the sap house, the freshet, making hay, strawberrying. husking, and lots of things that savor of country life, so dear to every boy and girl. "From Six to Sixteen" is a story for girls, by Juliana Horatia Ewing. The girls are bound to like it, and the boys too, for that matter. G. P. Putnam's Sons have just published two attractive juveniles, "Roddy's Reality," by the author of "Roddy's Romance," in which Roddy writes a story and reads it to the edification of his audience. "History of My Friends" is a translation from the French, made by one of the Misses Putnam. The friends whose history are so prettily told are a los of intelligent animals, just such as all boys and girls love to pet. Miss Nannette Emerson publishes a lot of "Little Folks' Letters," through G. W. Carleton & Co.; Dodd & Mead issue the "Life of Chris-topher Columbus" in their American Pioneer and Patriot series, and "The Bertram Family," by Mrs. Charles, author of " The Schomberg Cotta Family." Mrs. Charles is always a pleasing writer and a safe one. This book is in her most characteristic, therefore most popular style. Scribner, Armstrong & Co. have pubushed Jules Verne's "Mysterious Island," in two gorgeous volumes, in which form it appears much more attractive than as a sorial. Last, but by no means least, we come to Mr. Frank R. Stockton's "Tales Out of School," which Scribner, Armstrong & Co. have issued uniform with "Round About Rambles," and gotten up in holiday style. If all tales out of school were of the nature of Mr. Stockton's the more the merrier, but we fear that he has the monopoly of this delightful sort. Mr. Stockton is one of the most popular writers for children. He instructs them without seeming to and is always ready with a laugh. This volume is properly illustrated, and the best luck we can wish for it is a popularity equal to its deservings,

## AN ATTEMPTED RESCUE.

About nine o'clock last evening Captain Kaisar, o the Sixth precinct police, Williamsburg, sent Officers Campbell, Fickett, Kitzer and Gord to disperse a disorderly crowd at the corner of Humboldt and Frost orderly crowd at the corner of Humboidt and Frost streets. The officers found the men drunk, and therefore arrested three who in their presence had insulted a passing lady; the remainder of the crowd sneaked away. The men, James McQuigley, Daniel Fitzgerald and James McDonald, were then marched toward the station house, their friends rallying along the way until the officers reached the corner of Bushiwick avenue and Ten Eyck street, when their friends attempted a rescue, attacking the policemen with stones, the prisoners making a simultaneous attempt to get away. The fight was of short taneous attempt to get away. The light was of short duration, the mob being dispersed by the officera, one of whom, Officer George Campbell, was severely injured, being struck on the back of the head with a stone, receiving an ugly scalp wound. He snd the three prisoners were taken to the station house, where Police Surgeon Murphy dressed the wound.

## A TRAVELLING PHILADELPHIAN.

A pleasant looking youth, who were a necktie that Newark, N. J., yesterday, for complicity in stealing a watch and chain from the pocket of Leopoid Weiss, watch and chain from the pocket of Leopou weiss, who was walking quietly up Market street. He gave his name as Henry Martin, a resident of Philadelphis, and said he came to town yesterday morning to look for work. On searching him a black bag was found in his pocket, such as is used for the double purpose of a mask and to carry away plunder if successful in a burglary. His two companions escaped with the watch and Martin was held to await further developments.

## DESPERATE AFFRAY.

Two well known ruffians, named Whalen and Finnegan, engaged in a fight yesterday in Market street, Newark, N. J., and took advantage of the occasion to indulge in a free lunch upon each other's fiesh. While Whalen was chewing his antagonist's nose the latter but Whalen's finger, nearly severing it from his hand, but upon the arrival of the police they made their escape.

## STABBING IN A SALOON.

Peter Roatchez, of No. 253 First street, Williamsburg, while with a few friends in the lager beer saloon of Joseph Walbirth, No. 252 First street, became involved in a quarrel with Frank Mermat in reference to Alsace and Lorraine. After the exchange of some very bitter language Mermat cut Roatchez on the wrist, inflicting a sovere and dangerous wound. Mermat was arrested and Roatchez was taken to the Eastern District Hospital.

## ONE CHILD STABS ANOTHER.

In Williamsburg vesterday, Charles Klein, aged ten years, and William Friese, eleven years, both residing the beau of a little miss residing in the neighborhood, proposed to settle the matter by fighting for her with bowie knives, but as the latter articles could not be obtained they used penknives, Klein cutting Friese in the left side.

## RECORD OF CRIME.

John Clark, John McCabe and some other men became engaged in an augry dispute while drinking together in Faulkner's liquor saloon, corner of Flushing and Clas on avenues, Brooklyn, at an early hour yesterday morning, when the proprietor put them out. When on the street Clark drew a revolver and fired at McCabe in self-defence. The shot proved harmless. Both met were locked up to answer.

Officer Riely yesterday arrested William Marshall, o

Officer Riely yesterday arrested William Marshall, of No. 59 Fourth place, Brooklyn, on a charge of bur glariously entering the residence of Howard Bailey, No. 67 same street. The prisoner effected an entrance by prying open the iron grating of the cellar. He made his way to the parlor, where the officer, who had bees watching his movements, caught him.

George Barrett, of No. 74 futiler street, Brooklyn, reported yesterday that his apartments had beed robbed of \$30 in money by some unknown rogue during his temporary absence.

Peter Cullen, of No. 1 Walworth street, Brooklyn, was assaulted and severely injured about the head by John Jackson yesterday. The assailant is still at large.

Mr. John Schroeder, of South Eighth and Fifth streets, Brooklyn, E. D., recently lost a horse and wagon, which was stolen from his stable. He yesterday caused the arrest of John Nelson for the larceny.

Susan Suydam and Ellen Cummins, two stylish locking females, were taken into custody on Christmass Eve on a charge of shopiffing at Losier's store, Fulton street, Brooklyn.